

The Sky Line Trail

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All this and hiking too

C.P.R. Photo

BULLETIN No. 40



OCT. 30, 1943

Printed in Canada

HONORARY PRESIDENT



D. C. Coleman, LL.D., D.C.L.

D. C. Coleman, LL.D., D.C.L., chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has accepted the post of honorary president of the Sky Line Trail Hikers in succession to the late Sir Edward Beatty, G.B.E., K.C., LL.D.

Mr. Coleman takes a keen interest in sports, fishing and outdoor life and is a member of the Canadian General Council of the Boy Scouts' Association of Canada.

A director of the Canadian Arena Co., Mr. Coleman is an ardent hockey enthusiast and follows with interest the N.H.L. series and the progress of the Canadien's Hockey Club of which he is vice-president.



Ready 'or the trail

C.P.R. Photo

Diary of a Hiker

by Louise Sieburth

EN ROUTE TO BANFF—AUG. 5

Dear Diary:—

At long last, the trip we've been looking forward to these last few weeks, is an actuality.

Here we are nearly at Banff and ready for the Skyline Trails. Strangely enough, although I've lived in Vancouver practically all my life, I never realized, until we pulled out of the station, and rumbled cheerily over the tracks, what a picturesque city I was leaving behind as the lovely harbour and North Shore Mountains slipped into the gray horizon.

Wasn't it fun to watch all the little houses encircled in their garden plots go whizzing by, as we gained momentum with every minute bringing us nearer to our destination.

Climbing into Upper 10 and being rolled off to sleep was a new experience for me too, but I can't say I really slept. I was much too excited for that.

I began to feel quite important as we came to Lake Louise. It happened like this you see, Diary. I made my advent into this wonderful world about 80 years after Princess Louise made hers. The lake was named after the Princess, and I after the lake — sort of his-

torical like. Between you and me, Diary, preparations had been made for a boy, so when I happened along, they hadn't a name ready for me. But strictly speaking . . . I'm rather glad. I'd sooner be named after a lovely lake in the Canadian Rockies than almost anything else in the world.

SPRAY RIVER—AUG. 6

It was just like old times again to get all dressed up in hiking togs, for I've been doing that ever since I can remember. At home, Grouse, Crown and Hollyburn Ridge are among my favourite climbs, but this is my first time in the Rockies.

I could hardly wait for this morning to dawn, but eventually it did, and after packing and eating breakfast, we were just raring to go.

That was a good idea of Mother's having Annie Fulbrook pipe us off. Trust Mother to think up something original when it comes to anniversaries. She remembers everyone's but her own, and this happened to be the 10th anniversary of the Sky Line Trail Hikers' camp.

The miles just seemed to slip by as we followed the Spray River to where it joins Goat



Mid-day sing-song

Creek, where our camp was situated, but with congenial company and the lovely scenery, this was not difficult to understand.

The camp site lay in the valley between Goat and Sulphur Mountains, and it looked a picture with the lovely turquoise river roaring by.

Swimmers Get 'Spray Blues'

After lunch a few of us girls indulged in a swim in the Spray's icy waters. Was it c-o-l-d! Even the official photographer could not persuade us to stay in long enough to pose for a picture. We were afraid we might succumb to the "Blue Spray Blues". Those who could only sport birthday suits found seclusion farther up the creek. One bathing beauty venturing out too far into the current, was rescued by a gallant youth in search of fossils.

Were we ready for supper? The 'come and get it' call didn't find anyone missing; of that I'm sure. The outdoor buffet style of meal with soup, meat and vegetables, topped off with fruit, and tea or coffee, made for congeniality, with everyone visiting around with every one else, and getting better acquainted.

Some of the domestic-minded campers piled in and helped dry the dishes . . . not me . . . I



Loge seats at campfire

was more interested in seeing the teepees put up. After hunting up the duffle, and finding I was to share a teepee with three other girls, we all got busy and fixed up our beds, and then it was time for the campfire.

Campfire Melodies

Gathering around the blazing logs and sitting as best we could; the open air musical began. I noticed the great pleasure the Secretary had in distributing the Song Sheets. It was nothing to ours though when we opened them up and read the snappy lines he had composed about skyline camps, which we sang to popular song tunes of the day. For instance; to the tune of "Winter Wonderland" we sang "Alpine Wonderland". It went like this:—

Birdies sing—are you listening?

On the peak snow is glistening,

*The long Summer days we're happy and gay,
Hiking in an Alpine Wonderland.*

Gone away winter weather,

Honey-bee in the heather,

He hums his old song

As we swing along

Hiking in an Alpine wonderland.

Round the campfire we can build a romance

In the moonlight as the nightbirds call,

We may intercept a soft and low glance

While looking at a nearby waterfall.

Later on in the tent,

Know the truth heaven sent,

That naught can compare

With walking on air,

Hiking in an Alpine wonderland.

The musical accompaniments interested me very much. Who would have thought of hearing an organ and piano accordion miles from nowhere!

The organ by the way was footloose and fancy free, and the young man who presided at the console, seemed to be in that happy state of affairs also, although his song hit of the month might lead one to believe that such had not always been the case. But then I don't suppose song writers write about their own affairs. You see diary, Graham is not only the official organist at the camps, but is a song-writer too. Remember hearing his "We used to call it Home Sweet Home" over C.B.R. in the "Buckingham Hour" last February? Henry at the piano-accordion and Graham at the organ made for grand teamwork.

*Hikers now—
Bathing beauties later*



Off to a smiling start

The Solitary Hiker



Hiker turns trail rider

I noticed several old-timers brought along their blankets to wrap themselves in. As the night grew colder, we did likewise changing to heavier sweaters too. While munching on cookies and sipping hot cocoa, we enjoyed a very interesting talk by Sgt. Jakeman of the Mounties, who gave us some of his experiences when he was up North amongst the Eskimoes.

This ended a very enjoyable evening and as we strolled back to teepee-land, complete peace and happiness seemed to surround us.

SPRAY RIVER—AUG. 7

Not only did I sleep like a log last night, but I also slept on one, which goes to prove that this mountain air does something to you — not only in the way of sleeping, but in the matter of appetite also. Breakfast began with a bowl of steaming hot porridge, which you helped yourself to . . . no supervision around this pot. The food controller hasn't got around to rationing the mainstay of the Scottish race yet! Next came a bowl of prunes . . . glad to make their acquaintance again, if only for four days; then a stack of hot cakes smothered in syrup and butter, an egg or two if you felt inclined that way, and tea or coffee!

Some of the unfortunates who had to return to the mad world again, set off for civilization, but not before Travers Coleman, that hap-happy man, had everyone roaring with his clever impersonations of well known celebrities.

Laurence Grassi, expert climber, was taking several alpiners up Sulphur Mountain, so feeling

like a good climb this lovely morning, I joined his party.

Realizing that the inhabitants of these rocky slopes would naturally know the best route, we followed their trails. We two-legged goats did not fare as well as our four-legged namesakes, as many of their paths were inaccessible to humans. We found out too that the four-legged variety could manipulate their four, much better than we could our two. At such places we roped together for safety.

Priority on Prunes

This was a new experience for Tom Speakman and I, although old stuff for climbers like Sydney and Peter Vallance, Lou Shulman and our guide. We developed quite a thirst on our way up, but Peter, who had anticipated this brought a bottle along filled with water, faintly flavoured with the original contents. This was handed around occasionally as the need arose, with so many mouthfuls per person. When this was finished, Lou also had his remedy—pits from prunes which he must have had priorities on.

On reaching the cairn at the summit, the photographic fans revelled in taking skyline pictures. Sydney Vallance in his enthusiasm

Trail Hiking camera fans now have a chance to cash in on their photographic efforts to the tune of \$10.00! This amount will be awarded the hiker who in the opinion of the judges has snapped the best picture on the 1943 Trail Hike.

The competition, which is expected to unearth plenty of latent talent in the hikers' ranks, is open to all who attended the Spray River camp, regardless of their experience or qualifications. A picture taken with a \$1.00 box camera may be the winner.

So start rummaging through those hike shots today and try for that cash award; it's enough to pay half your Trail Hike fees for next year's outing! And even if you don't win the prize you stand a good chance of seeing your pictures in the Bulletin.

Entries should be addressed to the Secretary-Treasurer, Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies. Room 318, Windsor Station, Montreal, P.Q., Canada,



Spray panorama rewards hiker

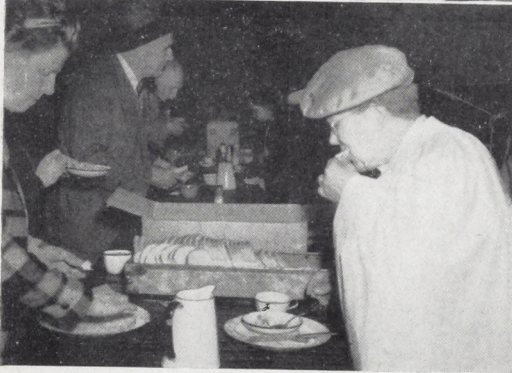
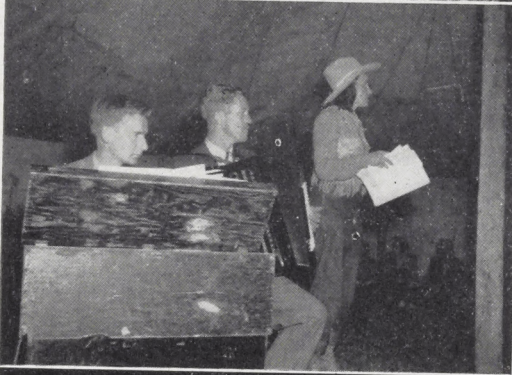
C.P.R. Photos



"Home sweet home" for hikers

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OFF THE RECORD



C.P.R. Photos

"The way we look tonight"

almost took his LAST step backwards, a failing of his, I later learned.

Trekking along the ridge to find a suitable descent, Grassi went ahead to explore a bit and decided we'd better make for the dried-up freshet beds. How diminutive the campsite appeared from this elevation! Quite unexpectedly a storm came up forcing us to find shelter for awhile under trees. Fortunately for us, this was after the difficult part where we had to rope again. When the hail storm gave place to rain, we decided we'd better be hiking along.

Goat's Wool Tempting

Slushing through the wooded countryside Grassi discovered a goat that had met its fate. He recovered the horns, and wouldn't I have liked to salvage the wool! I'd better not say anything to Mother, Diary. With wool conservation her mood of the moment, and Dr. Gow's old sweater in the remake, I can imagine her organizing a rescue party to retrieve it.

On reaching camp, drenched, one would have thought we'd had enough of a wetting, for one day at any rate. But Peter, Tom and I didn't seem to think so, and went off for a dip in the river. However meeting Lou on the way, he advised me not to, and after benefiting by his wise council during the hike, I decided to take his advice.

Much to our disgust we found the rain had made pools on our bedding, but Jean, our fire expert, soon had things under control, and we dried out by degrees.

Supper was ahead of time, and we were certainly ready for it. Meanwhile Grassi had erected a shelter against wind and rain for the campfire enthusiasts. Mrs. Dean Robinson was mistress of ceremonies and Jean Stewart, the peppy song leader, accompanied us on her mouth organ. The visiting airman from New Zealand contributed greatly to the programme by singing native songs, which he accompanied on his uke.

Retiring to our teepees we fell asleep listening to the crackle of the fire and the pitter-patter of rain.

SPRAY RIVER—AUG. 8

How happy we were when we awoke this morning to find the sun streaming in through our teepee flap! This being Sunday, I planned on taking it easy, especially after yesterday's exertions. So Betty, one of my teepee mates



Hikers count their calories



Coming or going?

and I joined Peter and Tom and we went for a little walk upstream hoping to reach the Warden's cabin in time for lunch.

Noticing animal tracks on our way, we caught up to the owners just in time to see several adult and baby elk swimming the river. It was a thrilling sight, and as luck would have it, no one had a camera. On reaching the other side they were soon lost to our sight as they scampered into the underbrush.

It was a nice hike there and back, and on returning we joined the "Lux Daily Dippers" in the Spray-ray-ray — C.B. DeMille take note!—

Later that evening, while out for a canter, we noticed a young black bear which had been in the vicinity of the camp all day. I was a bit scared as it crossed our path, in case the horse might shy, but fortunately nothing happened.

The evening campfire entertainment was highlighted by two of the Secretary's new compositions, "Hiking Along" and "Seeing Nellie Roam" which were sung by another of my teepee mates, Peggy Robinson. Peggy's mother also added to the entertainment by giving us a monologue in Scottish dialect. The Secretary then told us the amusing story of how the King of Siam became a Trail Rider, after which the President spoke up for the umteenth time saying "This is my last announcement for the evening", sending us all to bed.

SPRAY RIVER—AUG. 9

All things must come to an end. This morning found the camp slowly diminishing, as duffles were packed and teepees taken down, and everyone homeward bound. After lunching half way down, we returned to Banff on the opposite side of the Spray, with the exception of those who preferred to go by way of the Upper Hot Springs for a dip.

Arriving in the early afternoon, several of us hiked off to the Cave and Basin swimming pool and had a refreshing and relaxing swim. After that all roads led to the pow-wow.

After the heartiest supper ever, we had a full night's entertainment with undreamed of talent among the hikers coming into evidence as the pow-wow got under way . . . This in itself could fill a volume. So with Sidney Hollander handing over the presidency for the coming year to Mrs. Arthur Oliver Wheeler the 1943 camp drew to a close with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

OFFICERS ELECTED

Announcement of the new slate of officers for the 1943-44 season was made by the Secretary-Treasurer at the annual Trail Hikers' Pow-wow on the night of August 9th.

The position of honorary president made vacant by the passing of Sir Edward Beatty, G.B.E., K.C., LL.D., has been accepted by Mr. D. C. Coleman, LL.D., D.C.L., chairman and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Montreal.

Presidential honours were awarded to a lady hiker — Mrs. A. O. Wheeler of Banff and Sidney, B.C., while three new vice-presidents were appointed to the executive. These were L. W. Shulman, Calgary; Miss M. P. Hendrie, Calgary; Miss Jane Diverty, Woodbury, N.J.

Vacancies in the Executive were filled by Mrs. A. C. Hamilton, Golden, B.C.; Miss Marcella Moodie, Kelowna, B.C.; Miss Shirley Rourke, Calgary; Mrs. Sydney Vallance, Calgary; Major W. J. Selby Walker, Calgary.

Added to the Council were Miss Anne Fallis, Lethbridge; Miss Jean Galbraith, Lethbridge; Miss Betty Garbutt, Calgary; Miss Olive Hanley, Montreal; Mrs. Sidney Hollander, Baltimore; Miss Edith Lauer, Baltimore; G. C. Martin, Calgary.

Sydney R. Vallance was appointed to the trail committee, while Sidney Hollander and Lt.-Col. P. A. Moore of Banff were made honorary members of the organization. L. S. Crosby will act as western secretary during the absence of Dan McCowan.

Trail hiking colleagues of Jean Stewart, our comely "M.C." of the sing-songs and pow-wow, will be glad to learn that Jeanie is on the mend again after sustaining a broken ankle.

The irony of the whole thing lies in the fact that Jeanie weathered the rigors of the Trail Ride and Trail Hike like a veteran, coming to grief on — of all places — a Banff dance floor.

Jeanie, however, takes it philosophically. "High-heeled slippers", she says, "just don't seem safe after the old reliable hiking boots". Meantime she is back at school and getting to be quite an expert on crutches.



Mrs. A. O. Wheeler

MRS. A. O. WHEELER IS 2nd LADY PRESIDENT

The appointment of Mrs. A. O. Wheeler of Sidney, B.C. and Banff, Alta., to the presidency of the Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies for the coming year, was announced by the Secretary-Treasurer at the annual Hikers' Pow-wow, August 9.

Announcement of Mrs. Wheeler's appointment was received with enthusiastic applause, not only by hikers who have kept pace with her on the trails, but by Banff townspeople who know her as a good and gracious summer citizen.

Mrs. Wheeler, who succeeds Sidney Hollander of Baltimore, Md. to the presidency is the second lady to hold the office since the society was organized in 1933. The other lady president was Mrs. James Simpson of Banff who held the hikers' "supreme command" in 1938.

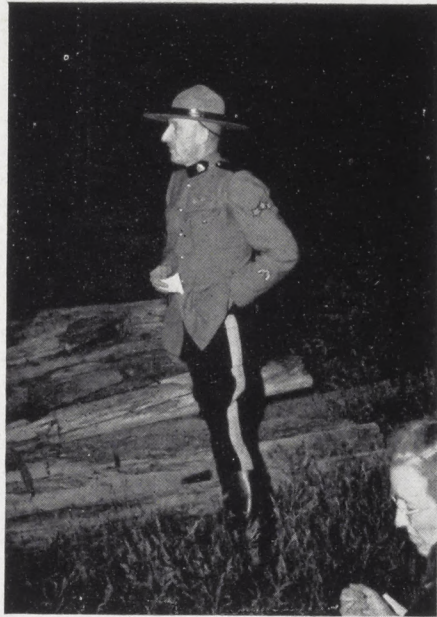
Mrs. Wheeler's love of the trails is shared by her husband who has held the post of honorary president of the Alpine Club of Canada for several years. Mrs. Wheeler too is actively associated with the society.

PASSENGER LIST — TRAIL HIKE OF 1943

Britton, Irene.....	Calgary, Alta.	Martin, G. C.....	Calgary, Alta.
Boyd, Evelyn.....	Picton, Ont.	Mather, Miss Joan.....	Calgary, Alta.
Coleman, Mr. Travers.....	Winnipeg, Man.	Moodie, Miss Marcella E.....	Kelowna, B.C.
Diverty, Mr. Marshall H.....	Woodbury, N.J.	Morton, Miss Jean.....	Canmore Alta.
Elsasser, Mr. Henry.....	Winnipeg, Man.	Nelson, Miss Jeanne.....	Calgary, Alta.
Fallis, Miss Anne.....	Lethbridge, Alta.	Nichols, Mr. Graham.....	Montreal, Que.
Galbraith, Miss Jean.....	Lethbridge, Alta.	Nolan, LAC M. A. (RNZAF).....	New Zealand
Garbutt, Miss Betty.....	Calgary, Alta.	Preston, Mrs. Carvell.....	Salmon Arm, B.C.
Garfield, Miss Lillian.....	Calgary, Alta.	Ramsay, Miss Helen.....	Edmonton, Alta.
Gibbon, Mr. J. M.....	Montreal, Que.	Rawlings, Miss Pat.....	Seebe, Alta.
Gill, Mrs William B.....	Calgary, Alta.	Robinson, Mrs. Dean.....	Banff, Alta.
Gow, Dr. Robert.....	Banff, Alta.	Robinson, Miss Peggy.....	Banff, Alta.
Grassi, Laurence.....	Canmore Alta.	Rourke, Miss Shirley.....	Calgary, Alta.
Hamilton, Mrs. Beatrice.....	Golden, B.C.	Royer, Miss France.....	Montreal, Que.
Hanley, Miss Olive.....	Montreal, Que.	Rungius, Mr. Carl.....	Banff, Alta.
Hendrie, Miss M. P.....	Calgary, Alta.	Sabin, Mrs. Helen.....	Calgary, Alta.
Hollander, Mr. Sidney.....	Baltimore, Md.	Sanson, Mr. N. B.....	Banff, Alta.
Hollander, Mrs. Sidney.....	Baltimore, Md.	Shulman, Mr. L. W.....	Calgary, Alta.
Iverson, Mr. Philip.....	Edmonton, Alta.	Sieburth, Mrs. Mary.....	Vancouver, B.C.
Kidd, Miss Effie E.....	Calgary, Alta.	Sieburth, Miss Louise.....	Vancouver, B.C.
Kippen, Miss Evelyn.....	Calgary, Alta.	Speakman, Mr. Tom.....	Winnipeg, Man.
Lamar, Mrs. E. P.....	Calgary, Alta.	Stewart, Miss Jean.....	Ft. William, Ont.
Laidlaw, Mr. Fred.....	Winnipeg, Man.	Vallance, Mr. Sydney.....	Calgary, Alta.
Lauer, Miss Edith.....	Baltimore, Md.	Vallance, Mrs. Sydney.....	Calgary, Alta.
Lovell, Mr. C. J.....	Pasadena, Cal.	Vallance, Mr. Peter.....	Calgary, Alta.
Mallinson, LAC R. J. D., (RAAF).....	Australia	Walker, Major Selby.....	Calgary, Alta.
Wheeler, Mrs. A. O.....	Banff, Alta.	Wheeler, Mrs. A.O.....	Banff, Alta.



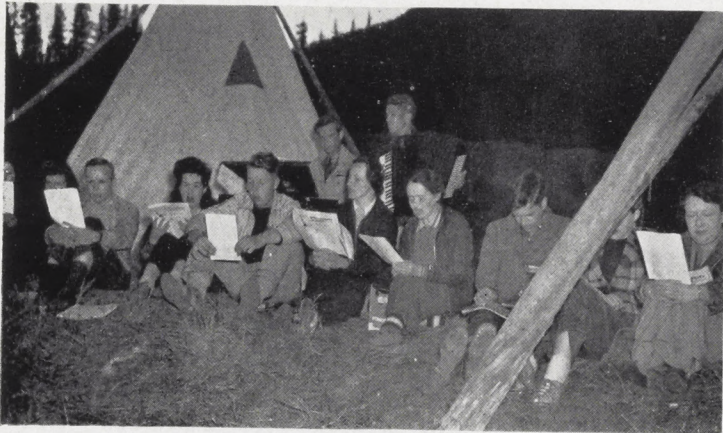
"Just one more announcement"



He knows his Arctic



Jean calls the n



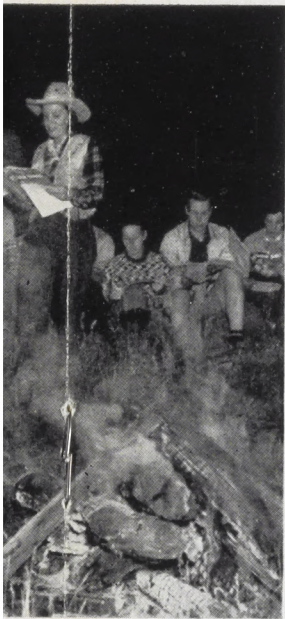
Music has charms — so have we



Woodcutter's Union — please note.



Where the trail beg



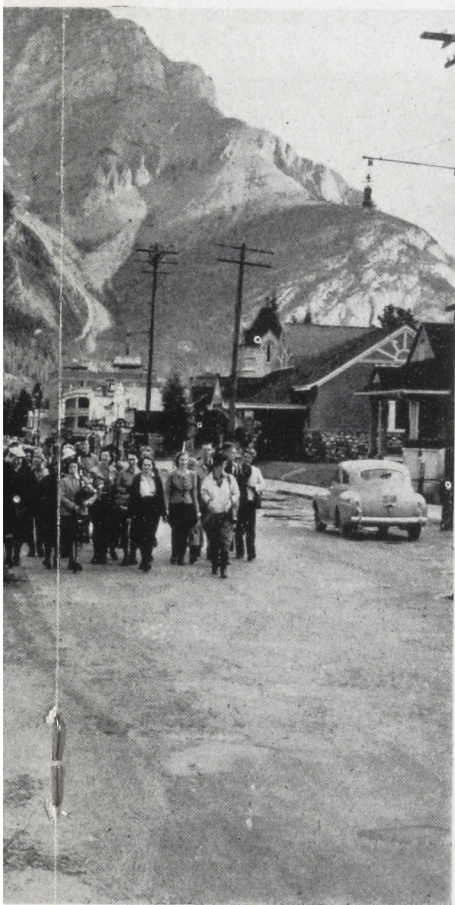
calls the numbers



Dish-pan hands



Her theme song — "Alouette"



he trail began



Pat gets congratulations — and a horse



Snapped at the Pow-wow



Messrs. Grassi and Sanson

No one knows exactly what happened to Mr. Sanson's waterfall that day in the hills, but it managed to elude the best hikers in addition to their veteran guide. The expedition, however, has been immortalized by the following poem, sung to the tune of "The Sidewalks of New York", and composed by Mrs. Sidney Hollander of Baltimore, Md., and Miss M. P. Hendrie of Calgary.

LOST—ONE WATERFALL!

Up hill, down hill, scramble, slide and crawl,
A stroll with Mr. Sanson just to see a waterfall;
We bush-whacked through the timbers, and
We followed him one and all,
We knew we'd be rewarded by that lovely
waterfall.

Wild flowers, tame flowers, on the mossy slopes,
The higher up we climbed, by gosh, the lower
fell our hopes;

The grouzers they were ruffled, the
Grouse were ruffled too,
For to find that phantom waterfall, there wasn't
any clue.

Lunch time, munch time, lest sandwiches should
pall,

Our leader furnished chocolates beside the water-
fall,

Back to camp we trickled, and told our story tall,
We'd seen, and heard, and felt, and smelt
That phantom waterfall.



What! No Waterfall!

by W. F. Casey



Back row: Mothers; Front row: Daughters

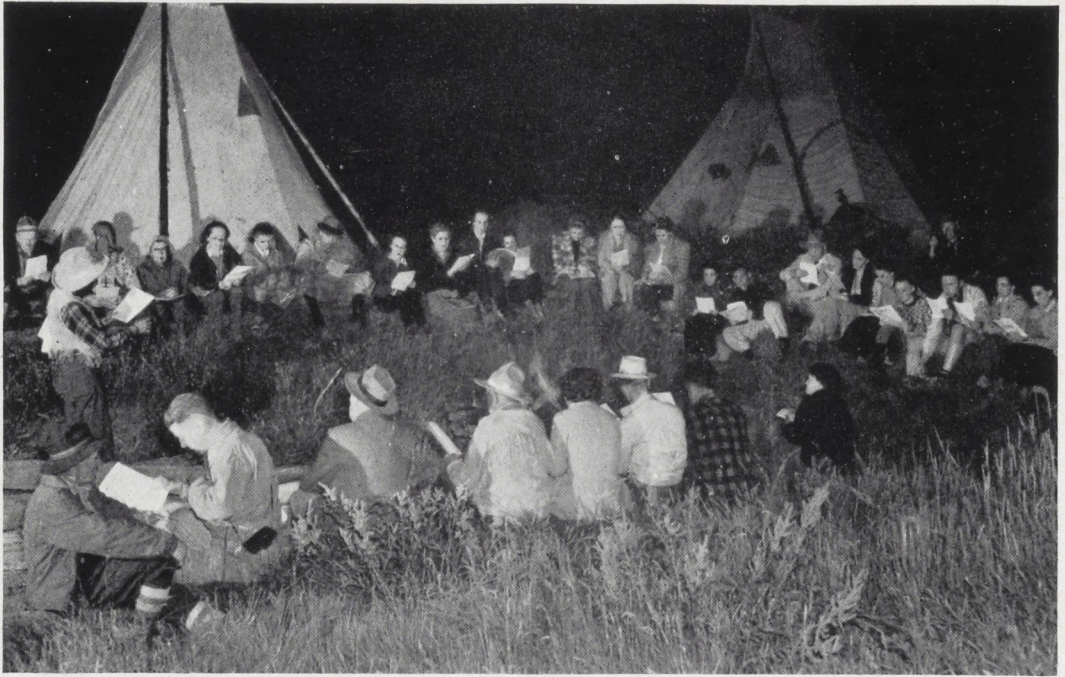
C.P.R. Photo



Nightly entertainment — teepee variety

C.P.R. Photo

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Field day for talent scouts!

HAD HAMLET HIKED

A Soliloquy by Mary Sieburth

TIME — August 9th to 10th — in the wee sma' hours.

OCCASION — Sky Line Hikers 'Waiting for the Sunrise'.

SCENE — Sulphur Mountain Chalet — Nobody home (more ways than one) — no beds — no blankets — no food — no nothing — but sixteen weary hikers.

To sleep, or not to sleep, that is the question; Whether 'tis easier on the flesh to suffer this hard wooden bench I forsooth sit upon, Or take my chance upon the floor, littered with somnambulistic hikers
Thereby reclining with them; to freeze 'to sleep' and snore, and by such sleep to end this dreadful backache, and the thousand and one natural shocks that Hikers' flesh is heir to;
To sleep—no, no; for if I sleep perchance to dream, who shall hearken to the alarm clock on yonder table?
Aye, there's the rub!—the rising o' the sun o'er Peeche's Peak . . .

'Tis a consummation duly to be witnessed by one and all the sixteen weary sleepy hikers of the Skyline Trails.

Would we had shuffled off this mortal coil, or listed to these wiser, older, hikers —

I' faith . . . right now my weary bones would be reposing, a luxurious mattress thereupon at Ye Olde Mount Royale Hostelry, in yonder Village

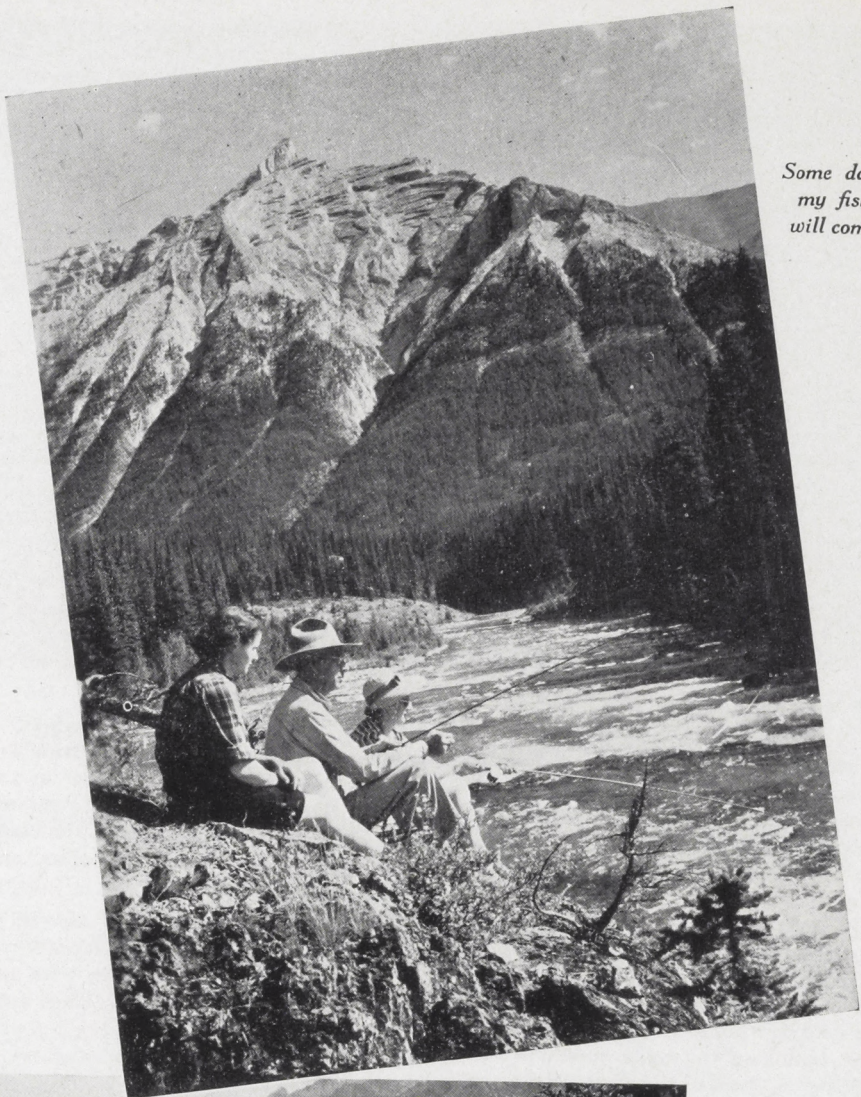
Nestling in the Valley of the Bow.

Where, mind ye — bed and bath are booked and duly paid for, an' me, a Scot by birth and lineage, weak fool — doth creak and squirm on this hard stool; my weary head upon my bended arms sprawled o'er an eating table — this gives me pause — an eating table, forsooth, and there is naught to eat.

That makes calamity in a hikers' life —

But who doth think of aught so sordid as eats, when in the early dawn Phoebus shall bid us arise, that is, if we can lift a limb—her splendours o'er Lake Minnewanka to observe—

While Banff-ites in their snug and cosy beds, well rested and refreshed, doth snooze away the rosy shades, and yawn.



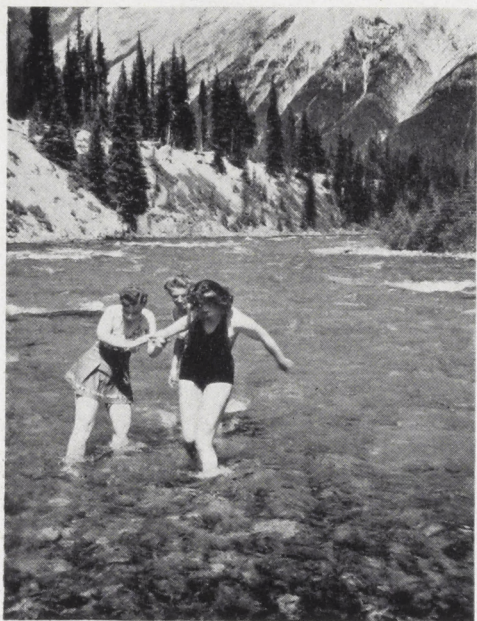
*Some day
my fish
will come*



*Spray River
embraces
campsite*

C.P.R. Photos

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C.P.R. Photo
Sprightly Spray Sprites

For who but hefty hikers would bear the quips of Banff's contumely on the morn;
But now, the pangs o' hunger, cramps o' limb . . . enough to goad a hiker his quietus to make with the official alpenstock.

To grunt and sweat after a weary hike, then freeze and sneeze — to see the undiscovered country from whose bourne no hiker e'er returned, befuddles the will, and makes us rather hike the hills we have than fly to others (on sunrise sight) that we know not of.

Thus hiking doth make monkeys of us all; inducing us to make new resolutions;
Let us have folks about us that can sleep, level headed fellows, that doth not sit up o' nights;

Yond Sanson has a wan and weary look . . . he hikes too much, such men are incompatible — would he would sleep some more.

And yet, if mine own eyes would only let me I know that I could jolly well sleep as well as that spart Sanson.

He talks too much — he is a great observer, he knows his stones, and most of all his botany; He loves not sleep as thou dost, Sydney Vallance — Shiner and all—often he smiles, and as he sips his Labrador tea, and guzzles his precious lichens, My spirit wilts, without my eats and sleep— Yet cares he not who goes without his grub or forty winks, so long as Phoebus over Peeche's Peak doth do her stuff—not us . . . we're all S-O-S-L-E-E-P-Y S-O V-E-R-Y V-E-R-Y S-L-E-E-P-Y-

For always are we weary.

Well, Fellow hikers; it wasn't quite as bad as Caesar and Hamlet, alias Sieburth, would have us believe—but almost. After saying numerous "au revoires" at the conclusion of the pow-wow, 16, or was it 17 stalwart hikers set forth to hoof it to the heights of Sulphur Mountain, and on the morn, to view the sunrise from the Observatory, as heretofore related.

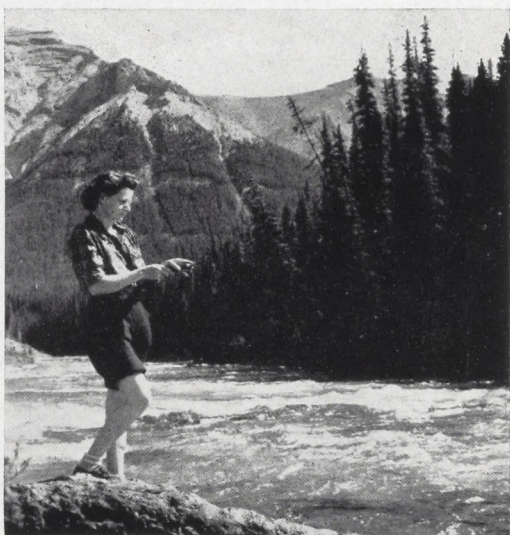
Headed by the indefatigable Sanson who holds the record for climbing Sulphur over 1,000 times, we enjoyed the lovely trail in the cool of the evening, although Diana did not arise and shine upon us, or light the way.

However, as we zig-zagged higher and higher, pausing at the lookout points, the lights of Banff, looking like a fairy tale topic, encircled by the majestic mountains made up for her absence. The cheery little crickets kept pace with us, or so it seemed to me, and chirruped a cheery tune all the way.

On reaching the top, we found the place in darkness. But after announcing our arrival by singing a song, a wee lad of 12 or so summers, in bare feet and struggling into his clothing, opened the door to us.

Some of the most energetic of the hikers pitched in and lit a fire, getting a brewing of tea on the way, and warming up the cabin a bit. After that we each tried to assume a position of rest, for the remainder of the night, some on the tables, some under the tables, and the rest on the remaining floor.

To say it was a nightmare was putting it mild. Messrs Sanson and Vallance hit the trail to the Observatory where there were two bunks, only to sit up all morning talking, and get to bed in



Hiker tries angling C.P.R. Photo



A few short hikes ago

Photo by Dan McCowan

time to get up and see the sunrise at exactly 6.36 A.M.

It was a beautiful morning, although cold, as we wended our way up to the Observatory. Most of us shone as brightly as did Phoebus, and vied in colour with the surrounding blues of the mountain mists. But as the sun came up over the Western Range and gradually rose higher and higher in the heavens, touching each peak in turn, until the horizon was a rosy hue; those of us who had undergone the ordeal felt amply repaid.

Returning to the Chalet we partook of the most unique breakfast ever. Everyone who had a rucksack delved into its innermost secret places and produced a meal of parts. There was an orange apiece, and a bag of blueberries, somewhat the worse for wear, shared honors and plates with a carton of corn flakes.

After this you could have your choice of an eighth of a doughnut, or currant bun — a chocolate candy which N.B.S. seems to have been hoarding for the occasion, and a cup of coffee or tea.

Seriously though, I wouldn't have missed the experience for the world. We'll have something to remember and hark back to for the rest of our lives.

POPULAR HIKER ABSENT

The absence of Mrs. Mary Weekes from the hiker ranks this summer was disappointing to say the least . . . particularly to those who had accompanied her on the "Sunshine Trail of 1942."

Others, who know Mary through her articles in the Bulletin, and who had followed with interest her articles on the sophisticated "Norah", had hopes of meeting not only the author but Norah as well!

Norah, you may remember, had cast off much of her cynicism regarding Trail Hikers, and had even considered joining this year's hike.

Mary, of course felt very badly about having to miss the Hike. In a letter to the Secretary-Treasurer she again resorted to Norah to add emphasis to her feelings. It read thus:

" 'Sitting in an orchard, huh! Not off with the mountaineering troupe?' my young friend, Norah, would taunt were she here. And I would forgive her. I am feeling sorry for myself. I hope I may be able to discover the beauty of new trails with you all another year."

(We hope so too, Mary—Ed.)

TALENT GALORE AT POW-WOW



Piper peps pow-wow

Hikers and Banff townspeople alike mingled their voices in harmony, laughter and applause, as the Sky Liners mustered every ounce of their available talent to put over one of the best pow-wows in their 11-year-old history.

Within the canvas walls of the big Sundance teepee a lively programme of humorous skits, community singing, vocal and instrumental solos, plus a sprinkling of serious interludes and executive reports, kept the audience in a happy

frame of mind till the singing of "Auld Lang Syne".

A "surprise" appearance and address by the ever-popular Dan McCowan, skits by Lt.-Col. P. A. Moore, Sam Ward, and the reading of an original poem written by Hiker C. J. Lovell of Pasadena, Cal., instrumental solos by Piano-accordionist Henry Elsasser and solos by Peggy Robinson, were among the highlights.

In slightly nostalgic terms, Dan McCowan contrasted the quiet, peaceful Valley of the Bow with the war-bustling Port of Halifax where he had been lecturing with the Armed Services.

Sam Ward by overwhelming popular request recited his inimitable "Albert and the Lion" classics and several encores, while Col. Moore delighted the audience with several recitations of his own.

Original lyrics, sung to old familiar tunes by Peggy Robinson, added a novel and intimate touch to the program. The song "Seeing Nellie Home" was given a true Trail Hike flavour in "Seeing Nellie Roam", while the combined efforts of Edith Lauer and Gilbert and Sullivan produced a catchy hiker cantata. (next issue)

The new slate of officers for the 1943-44 season was announced by the secretary-treasurer following an address by the retiring president, Sidney Hollander of Baltimore, Md.



Outside the "Big Top"

C.P.R. Photo



"—with a harp to give her tone"

by W. F. Casey

"Seeing Nellie Roam"

a parody by J. M. Gibbon on an old favorite, and featured at the Pow-wow by Miss Peggy Robinson of Banff.

In her eyes a bright light glittered,
On her nose the sunburn shone,
And 'twas on the Sky Line Hikers party
I was seeing Nellie roam.

Chorus — I was seeing Nellie roam,
I was seeing Nellie roam
And 'twas on the Sky Line Hikers party
I was seeing Nellie roam.

And she surely was a hiker,
With a stride that was her own,
And 'twas on the Sky Line Hikers party
I was seeing Nellie roam.

Chorus — I was seeing Nellie — etc.

She was buxom when she started
But she ended skin and bone,
And 'twas on the Sky Line Hikers party
I was seeing Nellie roam.

Chorus — I was seeing Nellie — etc.

In her hand she bore a tea-cup
That once better days had known,
And 'twas on the Sky Line Hikers party
I was seeing Nellie roam.

Chorus — I was seeing Nellie — etc.

Then she begged the cook for brandy,
But his heart was as a stone,
And 'twas on the Sky Line Hikers party
I was seeing Nellie roam.

Chorus — I was seeing Nellie — etc.

She is hiking now in Heaven,
With a harp to give her tone,
And 'twas on the Sky Line Hikers party
I was seeing Nellie roam.

Chorus — I was seeing Nellie — etc.

The exploits of Sky Line Trail Hikers of the Canadian Rockies are being followed with a friendly interest by hikers in the United States. This is testified by the many favourable comments appearing in hiking bulletins received from other hiking clubs.

Typical of these is the following tribute appearing in the September issue of the "Health Walker", published in Ohio in the interests of the International Walkers Association of America, Inc. It says of the Sky Line organization:

"This is one of the most active and interesting hiking clubs in the world. They publish four beautiful Sky Line Trail bulletins a year, containing maps, interesting hike articles and the finest of photographs."

A recent issue of "M.C.M." (Mountain Club of Maryland, Inc.) paid high tribute to Dan McCowan for his article on "Birds of the Upland Trails", appearing in Sky Line Trail Bulletin No. 37.

Said the "M.C.M." commentator: "Dan McCowan writes an engaging note on 'birds whose habitat is that of lofty hills and of high wind-swept moorland in the Canadian Rockies'. The photographs presented, give evidence of very patient and skilful maneuvering by an expert."

The Sky Line Trail society appreciates this neighbourly interest on the part of hiking clubs south of the border, and looks forward to continued information on their outings through the medium of bulletin exchanges.



TO BE READY SHORTLY

Though usually inseparable companions on the mountain trails, the boot and alpenstock have at last come to the parting of the ways — but only on the hikers' new insignia.

The alpenstock was voted out of the design by a majority of Council members at the Spray River camp, leaving the old reliable boot to symbolize the society's annual sorties to the skyline.

With the exception of the alpenstock, however, the design remains identical to that appearing in the July issue of the Bulletin, and which won the hikers' vote by a substantial margin.

The suggestion has been made that the buttons be issued in various combinations of colours — and that each combination should signify that the wearer has attended a specified number of the Annual Camps of the Sky Line Hikers. Opinions on this idea are invited.

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Robinson, Miss Peggy, Banff, Alta.
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Ward, Samuel, Banff, Alta.
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Sky Line Trail Hikers

OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

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Whereas _____ has qualified for Life Membership under Section 6 of Article 6 of the By Laws which reads

Members holding qualification of 50 miles and upwards may compound their paid and future dues by payment of \$10.00, which shall absolve them from further payment of annual dues, and include a Life Membership Certificate upon the additional payment of \$100 but shall not exempt them from special dues or assessments should such be considered necessary.

This Certificate is granted to the above mentioned member who has fulfilled all the necessary conditions
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The Life Membership Certificate for the Sky Line Trail Hikers designed by R. H. Palenske.

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For life members see previous page.